In Line @Walgreens

At head of which, red-
faced woman furiously

dispenses coupons to
cashier. She’s coiled for

argument & gets it. (Perhaps
expirations, or trying to
mate with wrong products.)

The seven of us behind frit-
ter...until the manager gets
paged. Then the endless, spit-

ting & querulous parsings with
him. No one in line says a thing.

We don’t even bleat. Ten
minutes pass. In

some infinite realm of mercy,
Cosmetics’ register opens
and I streak there.

As I finish, the woman
has finally reconciled, trans-

ported to Bargain Valhalla, her
eyes twin fires of triumph!

The person behind her,
a Vietnamese woman,
drops a few words

which strike as daggers of
ice, the offender sneering back,

but off-balance nonetheless,
gathering her spoils. No wonder

there’s hatred of immigrants.
After finding traction, they

won’t eat shit. Americans!